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BETWEEN MOUTHFULS—

(of *HERB'S Good Food*)

That should be good (Dick Smith doing a bit of Adagio dancing in Belle O' N. Y.).

I see Armistead has started the quarter as usual with a new woman—and he's in E. E., too.

Going to Brigade Prom Feb. 3—ought to be plenty good.

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Cranks and Countershafts » »

Boss (pointing to cigaret stub on floor): "Smith, is this yours?"

Smith: "Not at all, sir—you saw it first."

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Prof. Boyd: "How come you're late again this morning?"

Jimmy Hart: "Well, you see there are eight of us in the house and the alarm clock was only set for seven."

* * * *

A man who had been waiting patiently in the post office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble on the reverse with gum arabic? Something about two cents."

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Coed to Physician: "How soon will I know anything, after I come out of the anesthetic?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "that's expecting a great deal from an anesthetic."

* * * *

Young Jimmy was pushing his baby sister's perambulator down the street.

"Hey, Jimmy," called his buddy from across the street, "do you get paid for that?"

"Naw," replied Jimmy disgustedly, "this is a free wheeling job."

* * * *

Prison Chaplain: "Any last request, my poor man?"

Condemned Man (in electric chair): "Yes, Parson, it'll comfort me a lot if you will just hold my hand until I'm gone."

* * * *

Spring Formal—a marvelous rhythmic band, a surging mass of dancers, dim lights, lovely, filmy gowns, a couple dancing near a doorway—

She: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

He: "Funny step, h—. I'm losing my garter."

* * * *

Teacher (in grammar class): "Willie, please tell me what it is, when I say, 'I love, you love, he loves—'"

Willie: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

* * * *

Didja hear of the fella who sent a shipment of ice cream by parcel post and inscribed thereon: "If not delivered in three days, never mind."